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Executed with neatness and despatch.

POETRY.

THE CROWDED STREET.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Let me move slowly through the street,
Filled with an everlasting train,
Amid the sounds of steps that beat
The murmuring walks like autumn rain.
How fast the flitting figures come!
The mild, the fierce, the stony face;
Some bright with thoughtless smiles and some
Where secret tears have left their trace.
They pass—to toil, to strife, to rest,
To halls in which the feast is spread,
To chambers where the funeral guest
In silence sits beside the dead.
And some to happy homes repair,
Where children pressing cheek to cheek,
With mute caresses still declare
The tenderness they cannot speak.
And some, who walk in calmness here,
Shall shudder as they reach the door
When one who made their dwelling dear,
Its flower, its light, is seen no more.
Youth, with pale cheek and slender frame,
And dreams of greatness in thine eye:
Goes thou to build an early name,
Or early in thy task to die?
Keen son of trade, with eager brow,
Who is now fluttering in thy snare?
Thy golden fortunes tower they now,
Or melts the glittering shape in air?
Who of this crowd, to-night shall tread
The dance till daylight gleams again?
Who sorrow o'er the untimely dead?
Who writhe, themselves, in mortal pain?
Some, famine-struck, shall think how long
The cold, dark hours, how slow the light!
And some who flout amid the throng,
Shall hide in dens of shame to-night.
Each, where his joys or pleasures call,
They pass and leave each other not;
There is no hand, who holds them all,
In His large love and boundless thought.
These struggling tides of life that seem
In shifting, aimless course to tend,
And eddies of the mighty stream
That roll to its predestined end.

POPULAR TALES.

From the Portland Tribune.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

BY D. C. COLESWORTHY.

'Tis not true wisdom to subdue
A foe beneath our feet;
To cause the heart where virtue grew,
To practice base deceit;
To plant within the happy breast,
A thought to give it pain;
Or enter circles, pure and blest,
An impious end to gain.
In the thrifty town of N—, resided a gentleman by the name of Jones. He was a trader, and through a series of prosperous years had accumulated a large amount of property. When a young man, he was seriously disposed, and became a professor of religion. As his piety had never been questioned by his brethren of the church, he always continued a communicant. In the common acceptance of the term he was a Christian. Within a stone's throw of Mr. Jones's residence, in a neat but humble dwelling, resided a gentleman by the name of Watson. He was also a trader, and did business in the same street with his neighbor. This man made no pretensions to goodness; was not a professor; but attended meeting at the same church with Mr. Jones. His circumstances were humble, and though he attended well to his business, did not prosper as his neighbor. Mr. Watson belonged to that class of men who are called sinners—the world's people—in distinction from those who have united themselves with some Christian church.
We have said Mr. Jones prospered in business. Those who were professors with him—of the like faith—always purchased their articles at his store—and when their friends from the country were in want of goods, Mr. Jones was invariably recommended, as a safe man to deal with, and one who kept articles of a superior quality. For, said they, 'he is a member of our church.' The minister also patronized him.
In this way Mr. Jones prospered and made money fast. He usually charged a heavy price, and made a large profit on his articles. Very few were disposed to ask a reduction from his prices. The trader was stern, and to request him to take less than he asked was equal to saying that he charged too high for his goods. It was generally sufficient to know that he was a professor, to place implicit confidence in all that he did. If it were whispered by any one that Jones did not deal fairly and that he took advantage of his customers, the church silenced the aspersions, by their creed, which took none to its bosom who were not perfectly honest and trustworthy.
The professor was never absent from his pew on the Sabbath, and at evening lectures he was a constant attendant. Here he was very active. Seldom would he attend a conference meeting,

where he was not called upon to read a portion of Scripture, give an exhortation, make a prayer, or select a hymn. Having unlimited confidence in his own abilities, Jones seldom excused himself. He would beseech singers to give their hearts to God, not to love the world, nor the things of the world, but by a consistent, Christian life, pursue the path to heaven. His voice was clear and distinct, and with perfect command of himself, whatever he said gave perfect satisfaction to the church.
Morning and night he assembled his family, read a chapter from the Bible, and then offered a prayer. He was very punctual in his attention to his religious duties, and never, on any occasion, neglected to perform them.
Jones was a selfish man, however, and seemed to despise those who were in the same business with himself, and used his strongest endeavors to prevent purchasers from trading with them. But no man did he seem to detest more than his neighbor. If a member of his Church was known to buy of Watson, he would mention the circumstances to two or three of the brethren, that they might look into it—'for,' said Jones, 'we are like children of one family—we should strive to promote each other's temporal as well as spiritual welfare. I patronize the brethren and it is but proper that I should expect to be patronized by them.'
No one disputed his argument, and the offender was persuaded to do right the next time, and strive to pursue that course, which would be likely to give the least offence to a brother.
It was with difficulty that Watson, by strict attention to his business and economy in his family, could succeed. The church and society threw all their patronage in the hands of their wealthy brother, while he had to depend almost entirely on transient custom. But he did not murmur, and always treated his neighbor with respect. When a purchaser could not be suited at his store, he would invariably send him to Mr. Jones.
Watson was modest and unassuming in his conduct. His pew was in a humble place and his family were neat but not extravagant in their attire. He was constant in his attendance on public worship, and gave good attention to what was preached. He felt himself to be a sinner, and the tear of sorrow for disobedience to the just commands of God, would often trickle down his cheek. Daily he read the Scriptures and daily offered his prayer in thankfulness and praise to his Father above.
Whenever a poor man came to his door, or an orphan solicited charity at his hand, his heart was ready to give relief. He would visit the sick and distressed and do all in his power to alleviate their sorrows and their sufferings. The weary and the faint never went unblest from his presence.
Jones on the contrary was selfish and mean. He had driven so many poor and destitute from his door, that but few ventured to solicit charity of him. When a subscription paper was handed round to send missionaries to the heathen, or to support a school at Owyhee, he invariably put his name down for a few dollars. But he never visited the sick or the widow, excepting they were professors and members of his church, and then he would pray with them and inquire if they were prepared to die—and comfort their poverty, by informing them they should receive assistance from the parish; and perhaps go away and not mention their case. His family were dressed in the best the market could afford, and a spirit of pride was encouraged and fostered in his children. They were brought up to look rather with contempt than love on those who were beneath them. When of sufficient age he sent his two sons to college. 'It is my determination,' said he, 'that they shall be preachers of the gospel.' With feeble talents, unbounded ambition and unrestrained pride, they had but poor recommendations to the devoted life of a truly Christian minister. But it is a humiliating truth that we have more ministers of this description at the present day, than any other class. Rich professors deem no life so honorable as a preacher's, and being abundantly able, their children pass through college and come forth ministers, as destitute of the true requirements of a godly minister as it is possible for men to be. It is such who spend their lives in wrangling on doctrinal points—cause dissensions—and make the ministry a hissing and a reproach throughout the whole world.
During one year that business was dull Mr. Watson had neglected to pay his pew tax, when it was due. Being called upon, he stated to the collector that he was unable to cancel the debt at present, but before many days he would pay it. A few weeks went by and on meeting the collector, Watson informed him that his tax money was now ready. 'Tis his utter astonishment, the gentleman replied, 'Your pew was sold yesterday for the taxes.'
'Indeed! and who purchased it?'
'Your neighbor, Mr. Jones.'
'But has Mr. Jones paid his last year's taxes yet?'
'Why—no—but he is good for them at any time.'
Watson was grieved at this treatment, because he had never refused to pay his taxes, but mercifully put off a few weeks, till it was more convenient. Instead of being angry and saying as perhaps Jones would in such a case—'He may have my pew, he is welcome to it, I will hire a pew in some other church—he went to Mr. Jones to purchase it again.
'You may have the pew,' said the professor, 'by paying me five dollars in advance of what I gave.'
'But you are aware, Mr. Jones, I know no-

thing of the matter, and would never have permitted it to be sold.'
'I can't help that, Mr. Watson. The pew was sold and I bought it. If you will give me five dollars more than I paid for it you may have it, if not I will rent it. There are three or four who have spoken to me about it already. You can do as you please.'
'Well, rather than lose the pew, I will give you what you ask, although I do not think it right for you to take it.'
'What, accuse me of doing wrong? I am astonished at you, Mr. Watson. I can get double for the pew at any time.'
Without multiplying words, the poor man paid him what he asked and was once more the owner of a pew.
Time passed on and the Christian and the sinner continued their business. The former adding wealth to wealth, while the latter continued poor. One was proud and overbearing—the other meek and condescending. One loved the praise of men—the other was ambitious for the praise of God. As usual the church and society patronized the wealthy Jones, while they passed by the humble Watson.
One morning, quite early, the professor called at the store of his neighbor, informing him that he had purchased a lot of excellent land for two dollars an acre. 'As you find it rather difficult to get along,' said Jones, 'I will sell you half this land—about a thousand acres—on which you can double your money.'
'But I am unable to buy land at present. I find it exceedingly difficult to collect money enough to pay my just debts.'
'No matter for that. I don't want the money at present. I will take your note on six and nine months, and in the meantime, we can sell the land and double our money.'
Here was a strong temptation to Watson; but when he considered the dangers of speculation, and that the Bible said, that those who would suddenly become rich, should have many snares, he replied, 'I think, sir, I will have nothing to do with the land.'
'You are unwise, very. Now here is a chance for you to make money—and make it too in an honorable way. If you neglect this opportunity you may never have another.'
But suppose we should not sell the land, where could I raise the money?
'Don't let that trouble you; I will see that all is right.'
After a great deal of persuasion Mr. Watson was induced to take the land and give his notes. He trusted altogether to his neighbor, who informed him that he knew the land to be worth double what he gave for it, and there was no doubt they both would realize a handsome profit.
A few days after this transaction, Mr. Watson was informed by a friend that the land he had bought of the professor was almost valueless,—that it was not actually worth one dollar an acre—and that was all Mr. Jones had given for it. Watson could hardly believe that he had been so deceived, and on enquiring of his neighbor, he made it appear that all was right and it would so prove in the end. But still Watson was fearful of the consequences, because he knew very well that he was unable to meet the notes when they became due, unless the land was sold.
Six months passed away and the property was unsold; but Watson was told not to give himself any trouble, that perhaps they might dispose of it before long. He felt easy thinking his neighbor would not present the notes unless the land was sold. But he was mistaken. At the end of the nine months both notes were presented for payment.
'It is impossible for me to raise the money,' said Watson.
'But you must dispose of some of your property,' said Jones, 'for I want my pay and must have it.'
He was reminded of the transaction, but Jones did not seem to recollect any thing further than this, that he was to pay the notes when they became due. His neighbor left him, and the next day he received notice of an attachment upon his house for two thousand dollars and costs of attachment. In vain did Watson see and converse with Jones. He could get no satisfaction. He owed him fairly and he must have his pay.
'But you will have to sacrifice the house; for nobody will give what it is worth in these hard times.'
'I can't help that. You must get some friend who has money to bid it in.'
'I have no friend with that amount, who can spare it at present. I know not what course to pursue, if I am turned out of the house.'
'O, you will do well enough. You have money and friends too—I will risk you any where.'
When the church heard what Jones had done they censured Watson for entering the land speculation. 'It is on account of his own folly that he is about to lose his house. If people will speculate, with the expectation of making money, they must suffer the consequences.'
Nothing was said to the professor. He was rich—in regular standing with them—a brother in the church—and could not do wrong.
The day of the sale had arrived and the notes were not taken care of. Once more Watson called on his neighbor to beg of him not to sacrifice the property, or to turn him out of door. 'For you know when I bought the land, I was urged to take it against my will. It was only the promise that I should not be troubled that induced me to sign the notes.'
'A likely story, Mr. Watson. You know I want my pay. Whenever I sign notes, I expect to meet them, and should do it, even though I had to sacrifice all my property.'
'But what can I do? I have a large family on my hands; and it is only by prudence that I

am able to keep along without getting in debt. The times, you know, are exceedingly hard.'
'The house must be sold, and there is an end of it. 'Tis no use to whine to death because necessity compels us to give up our property. 'Tis better to meet it like a Christian—and so saying he walked away.
The hour for sale arrived and the people had gathered. The first bid for the house was made by a friend of Jones, whom he had probably employed to buy it in. One hundred dollars after another was bid, till the sum offered reached two thousand and twenty dollars. And that was the bid of Jones's friend. Just as the auctioneer was striking his hammer for the last time, a young man was seen coming up the street. Just in time he bid fifty dollars more, and now the contest was between him and Jones's friend; finally the house was knocked off to the young man for three thousand dollars.
'Whose is it?' enquired the auctioneer.
'Charles Mason,' said the young man, and a frown was on the brow of Jones.
'What does this mean?' said he to the young man.
Without deigning to reply, 'Mr. Watson!'—said the purchaser—and the poor man stepped to him weeping—'Mr. Watson I have bought this house—it was taken from you by the spirit of avarice—I now make you a present of it—the house is yours.'
The poor man fell on the neck of the young man and embraced him and wept like a child, while the spectators gathered round, unable to solve the mystery.
'Charles Mason,' said Jones, as soon as Watson arose, 'you are no longer worthy of my confidence, and from this time I forbid you an entrance to my house.'
'Wretch! begone!' exclaimed the young man, 'you will yet receive the just reward of your oppression.'
Amid the hisses of a few, the professor hurried away, muttering something which could not be heard, but his anger was seen to be at its highest pitch.
'Come with me, my benefactor, my best friend,' said last said Watson through his tears, and the young man followed him to the house.
The family were weeping. 'Dry your tears and bless God,' said the husband and father, as he closed the door, and bid the young man to be seated. 'To this gentleman we owe every thing; he has bought the house—but, O sir, explain the mystery.'
'You know, Mr. Watson,' said Charles, 'that I have been in the store of Mr. Jones for many years. I am knowing to much of his strange conduct, but I am well acquainted with the course he has pursued towards you—the manner in which he wronged you. I could not endure to see a poor man brought into difficulty and then turned out of doors by the avarice of one who pretends to be a Christian. Sir, it is your self-denying, Christian conduct and his spirit of evil, that has moved me to thwart his designs and make you still happy in your dwelling. It is yours. The deed I have done, since I entered this room, has made me the happiest of men.'
There was not a dry eye present. The family gathered around their benefactor and expressed their gratitude upon their knees, invoking the blessing of heaven upon him—nor would they permit him to depart without his assurance that he would call and see them on the following day.
Charles Mason was the son of a rich man, who left him at his decease several thousand dollars, which were now at interest. He had spent several years in the store of Mr. Jones, to whom he had loaned part of his money. The next day, on calling upon him he was coolly received.
'I have no further use for your services,' said he. 'Such conduct as yours merits my sovereign contempt.'
'Your conduct, sir, and I do not hesitate to say it, is as far removed from that enjoined by Him you profess to serve, as heaven is from hell. It must be despised by all honorable men.'
'Enough of your saucy; let me have no more of it, or you shall leave the shop instantly.'
'Mr. Jones, bid me a draft for what is due me and I will trouble you no more.'
As Jones handed it to him he exclaimed, 'Begone you wretch!'—and the noble youth walked away without deigning to notice his remark.
Charles immediately settled for the house he had purchased—took a deed of the land—and put the balance of his property into the stock of Mr. Watson, and entered into copartnership with him.
Day by day their business increased. Since Charles left Jones many of the old customers had followed him to the new store and gave him their trade. They had as much as they could do. 'The conduct of Jones was spoken of and despised by all, while the noble course of the young man, was commended as worthy of all praise.'
A twelve month did not elapse after the young man went into business with Watson before he led to the altar as gentle and as lovely a creature as ever breathed. It was Eliza Watson the daughter of the benevolent man. She was every thing that heart could desire. Brought up by an estimable mother and a kind, benevolent Christian father, she inherited a sweet disposition, and a heart with no perceptible blemish. She was just such a being to make a good man happy. Two more contented—more affectionate beings never lived. For years they prospered; their course approved by man—and their walk and conduct consistent with the precepts of Christianity.
Mr. Jones's business gradually declined; but having amassed a large property and being stern and unyielding in his disposition, and active in the church, he retained his standing to the close of life. He died suddenly and was buried with us?

great pomp. On his splendid tomb-stone was inscribed: 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.'
Mr. Watson lived to three score years and ten and then died trusting for salvation in his Redeemer. His last words were—'Into thy hands, O Lord, I commit my spirit;—and breathed his last.
His remains were followed to the grave by the poor and the orphan whom he had blessed. An humble stone marks the place of his sepulchre, on which is engraved—'For me to die is gain.'
Charles Mason and his wife may be often seen on a summer day bending over the grave of the good man. A little tree has been planted there, by their own hands which grows and flourishes. They have cherished in their memory the love and kindness of their father, which will never be erased till their bodies sleep beneath the sods of the valley, and their spirits are united to his in the paradise of God.
A man of no very favorable reputation for honest debt-paying, called upon the Hon. Mr. Brown, a talented and efficient delegate in the Virginia Legislature from Preston county, who is a lawyer and a farmer, and stated that he understood there was a new way to pay one's debts, and that he wanted to go through the process. 'The process, sir, is very simple,' said Mr. Brown, at the same time hunting up a branding iron on which was cut a large B for branding his cattle, and bringing it into his office. 'What on earth are you going to do, Mr. Brown, with that brand?' asked the astonished applicant. 'Why this B stands for 'Bankrupt'; I am about to brand it upon your forehead, and then your creditors will see that your debts are all paid. I'll have it hot in a minute, sir'—thrusting it among the embers. The fellow 'cut stick' and said not a word about paying his debts.—Baltimore Visitor.
'What do you do for a living now—a-days, John?'
'I'm a witness.'
'I don't understand you.'
'Why you see I tends rows, and I am always on hand when there's a scrape, and so I gets hauled up for witness and pockets the fees.—I've worked at this business for two years and find it very profitable.'
Extract from a Frenchman's journal of travels: 'I was much dissatisfied last night in de bed, wid a great many bites of—of—what you call dat d—n anamal dat lie awake in de day times, and promenade my leg in de night, eh?'
Poverty is no disgrace; it is not every one who is born with a silver spoon in his mouth—but vanity in poverty, is 'the devil in boots.'
NECESSITY AND VALUE OF DUTY.—It is impossible for the human mind to disengage itself from the idea of duty;—impossible for it not to feel and acknowledge the immense importance of such an idea. The sense of duty is irradically attached to our very being; conscience warns us of its existence from the earliest dawn of reason; and it invariably grows with our growth as the reasoning powers expand. Every thing, without and around us, equally informs us of this truth, because every thing is governed by one harmonious and eternal law;—every thing in unison has a destination to express the wisdom, and to effect the will of that Being who is the cause and the end of all things.
It follows that man, also, has a destination,—a nature, of his own. In conformity with this nature, it is necessary that he be that which he ought to be, or he is not esteemed by himself—he is not happy. Yet it is his nature to aspire to happiness; to understand and to prove that he cannot attain it except by being virtuous; in other words, being that which his welfare, in unison with the system of the universe,—with the designs of God, demand that he should be.
If, in the hour of passion, we are tempted to call that our good which is opposed to the well-being of another, and to universal order, we are still unable to persuade ourselves that it is so; for conscience denies the assertion.—When the passion ceases, the retrospect of what has injured the well-being of another, and disturbed general order, invariably excites a feeling of remorse and horror. The fulfillment of duty, then, is so far necessary to our welfare, that even the pains of death, which are thought the most imminent of human evils, assume the aspect of a triumph in the mind of the truly noble, who know how to suffer and to die in the effort to save their neighbor, or to conform to the adorable designs of the Omnipotent.
In man, therefore, becoming that which he ought to be consists at once the definition of duty and that of happiness. Religion proclaims this truth sublimely, when it says, that he it made in the image of God. His duty and his happiness consist in his degree of likeness to that image;—in not desiring to be other than like; but to be, good, because God is good, and has given to him the glorious capacity of elevating his soul to all the virtues, and to become by so doing, even one with Himself. Is not here a heavenly destination worth suffering for, and struggling through severe difficulties, than a brief mortal life can array against us?

Legislature of Maine.

IN SENATE.

SATURDAY, March 4.

Mr. Strout called up the bill authorizing the State Treasurer to receive the Northeastern Boundary and other claims of this State. After considerable discussion the bill was again laid upon the table.

IN HOUSE.

SATURDAY, March 4.

Mr. Otis called up the act in relation to Common Schools, (providing for the appointment of a Commissioner to collect statistics, relative to schools)—and the question was on its passage to be engrossed.

Mr. Thurston of Charleston, addressed the House at length, in support of the bill, and in explanation and defence of its provisions.

Mr. T. went into a history of the defects of our common school system, both in the manner of instruction, and in the construction of School Houses; and suggested the improvements which ought to be adopted. He gave an account of the subject, in other States—and detailed at length his views in relation to the general question.

Mr. Morse of Bath, explained the bill. It proposed to appoint one Commissioner to each county, for the purpose of superintending and collecting information, touching the management of common schools. The compensation of these Commissioners was fixed at \$2 per day for services and one dollar for travelling expenses while in active service, to be paid out of the school fund arising from the Bank tax. No increased expense to the State would be occasioned—only a part of the present school fund would be taken, and applied to this object. Mr. M. spoke of the movements on this subject in other States, and in favor of the bill, remarking that he could add nothing to the able exposition of the subject, made by the gentleman from Charleston.

Mr. Otis further objected to the bill, because he said it created a horde of travelling loafers, who will hang like an incubus on the school fund, devouring it until not a farthing is left. Once allow these travelling, straggling agents to get their fangs upon this fund, every dollar of which should be held sacred, and you could not get rid of them through all coming time. The necessity of collecting statistics was a mere pretence to give employment to the class he had named. Why could not the Superintendents of our Schools in the several towns give the information required? Of whom would these Commissioners obtain their information? On whom would they first call on going into a town? As the most suitable persons, they would certainly call on the Superintending School Committees. The information would then be at best second hand. He preferred to have it come directly from the Superintendents themselves, unvarnished and in black and white. He should not rely on the statements of these Commissioners, who would be likely to white-wash facts, and make out reports to suit their own purposes. He would never consent to the school fund being squandered on any such pretence.

The motion to refer the bill to the next Legislature was then lost—yeas 38, nays 68.

Mr. Bellamy then moved to amend by striking out \$2, and inserting \$1 as the per diem pay of the Commissioners. Lost. Mr. Prince moved to strike out \$2 and insert \$1.50. Lost, 47 to 48.

Mr. Fales called the yeas and nays on the passage of the bill, and they were ordered. The bill then passed to be engrossed—yeas 38, nays 68. Adjourned.

IN SENATE.

MONDAY, March 6.

Mr. Cary called up the Bill authorizing the State Treasurer to receive the Northeastern Boundary and other claims; and the question was on the amendment of Mr. C. forbidding the reception of the share of this State under the Distribution Act.

Mr. Sniart advocated the amendment.

The amendment was adopted—yeas 22, nays 5.

After a further amendment proposed by Mr. Cary was adopted, the bill passed to be engrossed.

Mr. Anderson, from the Committee on State Valuation, reported a bill. Laid on the table, and 300 copies ordered to be printed.

IN HOUSE.

WEDNESDAY, March 8.

Mr. Abbot moved to take up the bill distributing the State for Members of Congress. Messrs. Lyman, Chapman and Perry opposed it being taken up until the morning business was disposed of; and Messrs. Abbot and Little advocated the motion. The motion prevailed, 69 to 33, and the bill was then taken up.

Mr. Perry moved to amend, by annexing to the Lincoln District, the towns of Camden, Hope, Appleton and Liberty from the County of Waldo. Mr. Perry stated the object of the amendment to be to equalize the population of the two districts.

The amendment was then lost—yeas 52, nays 70.

Mr. Brown, of Machias, moved to amend, by adding Vinalhaven, in the county of Waldo, to the Hancock, Washington and Arrowscook districts.

Mr. Abbot called the yeas and nays, and they were ordered.

Mr. Lyman said the town, by its natural location, belonged to Hancock County, and advocated the motion to set it off.

Mr. Abbot maintained that its communication was with Waldo, and that was the reason of its being set off; a few years since, from Hancock to Waldo.

This amendment was then lost—yeas 53, nays 71.

Mr. Chapman moved to amend by taking the towns of Hollis, Biddeford and Buxton, from the County of York, and annexing them to Cumberland. Mr. C. said it would equalize the population of the two districts.

Mr. Holden, of Casco, stated the effect of the amendment would be to federalize Cumberland to the tune of some 2000.

Mr. Perry, of Oxford, said it was nonsense to

talk about federalizing a County already federal. He explained to what extent the amendment would equalize the districts—and made some general remarks against the character of this County line Bill.

Mr. Goodwin was in favor of the amendment, and commented on the injustice of forcing upon the York and Oxford district such a large surplus.

Mr. Hutchinson, of Hartford, supported the amendment.

Mr. Wood, of Lebanon, denied that the four towns proposed to be taken from York would add any thing to the federalism of Cumberland—at any rate not to extent of 2000. He said if they would have this effect on Cumberland, they would certainly have the same effect on York. He said all the towns at the last election gave a democratic majority.

Mr. Abbot had no objection, for his own part, to this particular amendment, except that it was designed as an entering wedge for the destruction of the Bill.

Mr. Perry said the gentleman had a remarkable faculty of swallowing his own words. The other day he said that if the York and Oxford district was too large, why place some of the excess on to Cumberland. And now when we propose to do so, the gentleman impugns our motives, and opposes the amendment. Mr. P. denied that the design of the amendment was to defeat the bill. He commented on the consistency of the gentleman from Belfast, and of his co-operation with the federalists of the House.

Mr. Chapman accused Mr. Abbot of inconsistency in saying, the other day, if the excess of York and Oxford was too large, take it off and add it to Cumberland—and now objecting to it.

Mr. Abbot explained that he was opposed to cutting County lines altogether, and that he so stated the other day, while he did remark that if any Counties were to be cut, it should be those which were willing to be severed.

Mr. Chapman said the County of York was willing to be cut.

Mr. Lyman of Lubec, charged the gentleman from Belfast with inconsistency, in opposing this amendment, when the other day he suggested that it ought to be made. Mr. L. advocated the amendment as being requisite to the equalization of population.

Mr. Abbot replied. He opposed then as he did now, the severance of counties—and he would say now as he said then, that if any counties were to be cut it should be those which were willing to be cut.

Mr. Bellamy of Kittery, said York and Oxford were called upon the other day, by the gentleman from Belfast, to yield up their excess to Cumberland; and now, when they propose to do so, the proposition is opposed by the very gentleman who made the request. Mr. B. further advocated the amendment, and opposed the original bill.

Mr. Boyd of Harmony supported the bill, as the only one in his opinion that could find a passage. He was aware that it had defects, but taken as a whole, it was the best bill he had yet seen. He opposed the amendment as calculated to defeat the bill.

Mr. Frye of Bethel, said that the opposition to this amendment refusing to allow the York and Oxford district to surrender a portion of its surplus, was adding insult to injury. Mr. F. spoke at large against the formation of the York and Oxford district—the injustice done those counties, and the democracy of the State, thereby.

Mr. Paine of Bangor, spoke against the amendment as designed to defeat the bill.

Mr. Chapman's amendment to set off the towns above named from the York and Oxford district, was then rejected—yeas 52, nays 71.

Mr. Abbot offered an amendment giving the Governor power to call the first election under the act sooner than the time fixed, if he should deem it expedient. Adopted.

The question then returned on the passage of the bill to be engrossed—and the yeas and nays having been ordered.

Mr. Perry said he perceived this bill was to be crowded down the throats of the majority of the democratic party, who are overcome by a union of the minority of the democrats with the entire body of the federal party. But he wanted his name to be recorded against the miserable gerrymander, and to go out to the world. He protested against it, as unjust to the democratic party, giving the federalists the ascendancy in the delegation in Congress from this State for the next ten years. Mr. P. denounced the bill as a gerrymander for the benefit of the federalists—and examined its features at length.

Mr. Wood of Lebanon, examined the general districts as formed by the bill, with a view of showing their comparative prospective increase.

Mr. Poole of Standish opposed the bill, as disregarding all the principles upon which an apportionment should be based, with exception of county lines. It disregarded equalization of population—convenience of the people—facilities of the road communication between different sections, in the particulars of trade, etc. It also disregarded, what the democratic party owed to itself, namely:—to so frame an apportionment, as to give efficiency to the democratic majority in this State. He insisted that it was the duty of the democratic party in the Legislature to frame an apportionment, as favorable to itself, as was consistent with justice to the opposite party. Mr. P. further opposed the bill, as throwing the State into the hands of federalism.

Mr. Milliken of Saco, opposed the bill at considerable length.

Mr. White of Whitefield, opposed the bill as unjust to the democratic party, and unsatisfactory to Lincoln County.

Messrs. Frye of Bethel, Otis of St. George, Perry of Oxford, each made further remarks in opposition to the bill.

Mr. Lyman said he was glad that a majority of the democratic party, would be found voting against the bill—and that if it passed, it would be by the votes of a fragment of the democratic party, united with the whole body of the federalists. Mr. L. said, that though the bill might pass, there was such a thing as a veto—and intimated that it might be applied to this bill.

Mr. Abbot replied. Mr. Frye rejoined.

The question was then taken, and the bill (the County line bill) passed to be engrossed, as follows:—yeas 60, nays 61.

IN SENATE.

THURSDAY, March 9.

Mr. Garcelon called up the Bill for the promotion of Agriculture.

Mr. Strout explained the object of the bill, and contended that the plan proposed of giving a half township of land to each County Agricultural Society, would stimulate that most important branch of industry. No one acquainted with the state of Agriculture in Maine, and with the important aid which well regulated and amply endowed Agricultural Societies, could afford the farmer, by exciting his ambition, and by bringing him to compare his ideas with others engaged in the same occupation.

Mr. Sawtelle advocated the passage of the bill. He remarked that he considered it worthy of the highest consideration of the Senate, as a subject of vast importance to the producing interests of our State. There doubtless might be some amendments made, but the general principles of the bill were substantially correct. While other States had done much to protect, encourage and elevate this most important branch of community, we had as yet done but little, he believed that the time had come, had already arrived, when every friend of the State, of all classes and professions, should think and act upon the subject.

When Maine, in territory as large almost as all New England beside, and rich in agricultural resources, should throw off her sluggishness, and put on the enterprise of her sister States.

Mr. Brooks moved that the Bill be referred to the next Legislature.

Mr. Sawtelle called for the yeas and nays and they were ordered.

Mr. Cary moved to recommit, with instructions to report a bill in a new draft.

The motion was lost, yeas 14, nays 15.

Mr. Cary moved to lay the bill on the table.

After some further debate, in which Messrs. Ingalls, Dana and Garcelon participated, the motion to lay on the table, prevailed.

Mr. Merritt called up the bill to dissolve the bonds of matrimony between James and Mary Starr, and the same was read once and to-morrow assigned.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, MARCH 14, 1843.

STATE OF MAINE.

A PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS it is provided by the Constitution, "whenever the office of Governor shall become vacant, by death, resignation, removal from office, or otherwise, the President of the Senate shall exercise the office of Governor until another Governor shall be duly qualified";—And whereas the office of Governor having this day become vacant by the resignation of JOHN FAIRFIELD—and EDWARD KAVANAGH being President of the Senate, I therefore declare and make known to all persons in this State, who are in the exercise of any public trust, as well as all the good citizens thereof, that EDWARD KAVANAGH, by virtue of his office of President of the Senate, is Governor of the State of MAINE, with all the rights and powers incident to that office, and that due obedience should be rendered to all his acts and commands as such.

Given under my hand at Augusta, this seventh day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-three, and in the sixty-seventh year of the Independence of the United States of America.

PHILIP C. JOHNSON, Sec'y of State.

APPORTIONMENT BILL.

The County line Bill has finally passed to be engrossed by the house, the vote standing 60 to 61. We can scarcely find language to express our indignation at this result. We consider the Bill, so far as it concerns Oxford, one of the worst of which we could form any conception. It is not based on any principle of right, justice or reason. It is destitute of a single redeeming quality. It is strange that men who have been elected to pass laws for the benefit of the State should not see in a plainer light the result of their acts. There is no apology for such willful blindness to the interests of this County and the interests of the State.

If this Bill passes to be enacted and becomes a law York and Oxford must constitute a District. This Bill does injustice to this County in more respects than one; in fact, it does injustice in every aspect in which we can view it. There is an excess of population equal to 20,000 or more, which is entirely unpardonable, especially when an equalization of the inhabitants could be arrived at so easily. This great excess cannot be excused because our ratio of increase is so much less than that of other Counties. For if the two Counties have an increase of only 6 per cent. on an average and other Districts increase at the rate of 25 per cent. no one of them will equal this at the end of ten years. This great excess cannot be justified on the ground of adhering in all cases to County lines. If it could, we might make the County line reason support any kind of an absurdity. What are the reasons then for saddling this District with such an excess? Is it because the Counties of York and Oxford lie contiguous, and intercourse is easy and convenient? Nothing could be more erroneous—noting more absurd. We have no intercourse with York and a superficial view of the map would show the reason. Nature never designed it. Trade does not lead the people of Oxford into York, nor the people of York into Oxford. There is no natural or artificial communication between the two places; nor there never can be. Therefore, the excess of population is a sufficient objection to the County line Bill so far as it relates to Oxford and York as a District and ought to prevent its passage. But add this 20,000 excess to the absence of all regard to a just proportion of increase and the great inconvenience attendant on the intercourse of the two Counties, and the Bill becomes a monstrous piece of injustice and oppression, unworthy the serious consideration of any man.

If this Bill should become a law, where shall we meet in Convention? Some town in New Hampshire will be as convenient as any we can find in the District. We should be sorry to trespass upon the dominions of Isaac Hill to find a place in which to assemble the true Democracy of Oxford and York.

But we would caution Senators and Representatives against voting for the final passage of this unjust Bill. It is somewhat important that the Representatives from this State in Congress should be democratic in thought and in action. The passage of this Bill will make it pretty certain that Federalism will have full a representation as Democracy. We would not sacrifice a single principle of justice or right for the sake of gaining a Democratic Representative in any District; but so long as majorities rule and bear the responsibility just so long Democratic counsellors should be secured; and all legitimate and fair means should be used to ensure their services in the Halls of the Nation. Pass this Bill and Federalism gains a triumph, and Democracy receives a wound from which it will not recover for at least ten years. Gross injustice to a District is injustice to the State. Our Representatives fought against it manfully, and not one of them voted for it. We don't know what may be done, but we think this Bill cannot finally pass.

THE COMET.—The Comet which has been exciting some curiosity of late, and caused so much smoked glass in this quarter, has been seen at various places, a little S. E. of the sun. It was seen last Tuesday and Wednesday here. The New Bedford Gazette has the following in relation to it:

"It may be the comet announced some three months since in Europe; it was then traversing the constellation Draco—be it that or another, it is of rare brilliancy. There are but three on record of sufficient brilliancy to be seen in the day season. The first was 43 years before Christ, and is called a 'hairy star'; it was seen with the naked eye in the day time. The second was in the year 1402, and was so brilliant that the light of the sun, at the end of March, did not hinder people from seeing it at mid-day; both its nucleus and its tail, was to be seen in the language of the day, 'two fathoms long.' The third appeared Feb. 18th, 1744, and nearly equalled Venus in splendor, and many persons saw it at mid-day without glasses. It may be proved that the comet of to-day is the same as that of 1402. Three observations only are necessary to calculate its orbit, the elements of which, if previously registered, will enable astronomers to decide whether the comet under consideration has appeared or not. 'With reference to the danger of a comet's striking the earth, we here add, that the comet Encke, whose period is only 1207 days and nearest the earth of all comets known, cannot come in collision short of a period of 219,000,000 of years, which calculation is based on astronomical facts.'

Bankrupt Bill Repealed.—The Repeal Bill received the signature of the President a week ago last Friday 3d inst. Just as we expected. That Coon trap is sprung. The Bill ought to have been entitled "A Bill to impair the obligation of contracts." These Coons can't bear the operation of their own laws. They have virtually said—"We have impaired contracts enough—we have destroyed confidence enough—we like the principles of the Constitution best;—therefore, however inconsistent it may appear, we'll repeal the law."

Adjutant Gen. Dearborn.—This gentleman has been removed from the office of Adj. Gen. of the Massachusetts Militia. Both Houses of the Legislature addressed the Governor requesting that he might be removed because he had furnished the Rhode Island King with arms without authority. The Governor removed him forthwith. This was right. The Office has been put in charge of the Secretary of State until a new one can be commissioned.

The news is contradictory in relation to the confirmation of Messrs. Wise and Cushing. Mr. Wise was nominated by the President Minister to France. The Senate did not confirm the nomination. The vote stood, yeas 12—nays 24.

The President nominated him again, but with no better result. The vote stood 8 in favor, 26 against. He then sent his name in a third time, and it fared worse than ever. Only 2 voted in favor and 22 against him.

Mr. Cushing was rejected as Secretary of the Treasury in the same way three times in succession. He was rejected the first time by yeas 27—nays 19. The 2nd, yeas 10—nays 27; and at the last trial he had but two votes. This was heading Capt. Tyler with a vengeance. One paper says these two gentlemen have been confirmed in their respective Offices. We doubt it. The Cabinet is not yet established.

Carelessness of a Druggist—two deaths.—A Physician in Clermont, N. Y. sent to Union for some Morphin. He gave some to his mother, and took some himself. His mother soon died. The medicine not having the usual effect on him, he took another dose. This in a short time caused his death. Mrs. Elting a few days after took some of the same medicine, which caused the same symptoms as in the other cases. By timely aid she was saved. The medicine proved to be a preparation of nux vomica.

Small Pox.—This alarming disease is now in Portland. There are not a great many cases of it. People should be vaccinated, then this disease would cease to be horrible, and we should scarcely see a case of it.

The Succession. Correspondents are sending in their reasons in favor and against certain candidates for the Presidency. Some favor Calhoun, some Van Buren; and there are some who are not correspondents who are in favor of neither. In our opinion that Treaty injures Calhoun in this quarter. How much we cannot tell. But we can readily compromise the matter on that point. We can vote for him most cheerfully if he is the choice of the people. The sovereigns must decide.

Town Officers.—At the Town meeting held a week ago yesterday the following gentlemen were elected,—all Democrats, good and true.

Elexzer C. Shaw, Town Clerk. Moses Hammond, Galen Field and John Porter, Selectmen, Assessors and Overseers of the Poor.

It was said by some of the Tyler papers a short time since, that a large assemblage, a mass meeting in fact, had met in New Jersey and nominated Mr. Tyler for the next Presidency. This has been contradicted and the truth is, the meeting was a very meagre one.

Some folks place themselves on a pinnacle of truth, and righteousness in their own estimation and claim the enviable occupation of calling others quacks, knaves, and demagogues. Such men who cry virtue and honesty; but seldom practice it, considering that it is enough to profess without practicing. They go on the principle that they shall lose their personal identity in the same way that the thief expects to escape detection, by mixing with the crowd and crying "stop thief"; or the incendiary by bawling "fire, fire!"

A mass meeting is about to meet in New York to nominate Mr. Van Buren to the next Presidency.

The late Congress has cost the nation about 1,250,000 dollars.

The New York Plebian says: We thought the funniest things in this sublimity world were the editorials of John Jones of the Madisonian—but there are some exceptions. The quarrels of the coons proper and the Tyler coons are a caution, even to John Jones.

The editor of the Boston American, a paper which has recently hoisted the Tyler flag, complains bitterly that the administration does not give him more patronage, and asserts, "that out of those who have clung to Mr. Tyler through good and through evil, there are but two, whom, by word, deed, or promise, he has ever noticed." The New Bedford Bulletin, a ferocious, long-toothed coon, gives him on this, the following "first rate notice":

"Now, Hogan, you had better keep your temper. Do you suppose that spitting out such adulations of spleen as this will ever get you the advertising? That's what you want, you hungry sinner, and if you beg and pray hard enough, perhaps you get it in time. Bawl, bellow, and pray, entreat, beseech, beg, cry aloud, and spare not, crawl, kneel, put your blistered lips in the dust, lie, flatter and fawn, and by and by the Guard may bring you a small platter of cold meat and a few mouldy potatoes, to stay your stomach withal. But if you put up your back in this way, for all the world like a morose and misanthropic cat, you will get kicked off your patron's doorstep and into the gutter. Mendicants like yourself should be modest."

The Twenty Seventh Congress expired last night, at twelve o'clock. We have not time to write its obituary, for time would fail us, were we to attempt to enumerate all its follies, and our ink is not black enough to give a suitable coloring to its character. It has been in session nearly eighteen months of the twenty four to which its existence has been extended. It has cost the country about \$2500 every day while it has been in session; and who can tell what it has done for the benefit of the country? We speak of Congress as a unit; for it is as a unit that it has entailed disgrace upon itself, and inflicted embarrassment on the nation. For the individual members (with a few exceptions) we feel all due respect. For many of them we entertain sentiments of deep personal regard; and to all these we offer our sincere congratulations on the dissolution of the body, to which, as members, they have not been able to impart enough of virtue, integrity and patriotism, to redeem it from the indignation of the people. Its memory is offensive to the nostrils of the public, and if its carcass had the attribute of personality, it would deserve, and probably receive, a kick from every constituent. (Boston Courier (Whig) of Saturday.

Congress—last day.—All the Appropriation Bills were got through the two Houses, & signed through the disagreements of the two Houses on several items threatened the loss of more than one of them.

Arnold's Retrenchment Bill was lost. This Bill passed the House by more than four to one, but was ridden to death by amendments. The Post Office Reduction Bill also failed, as did the Bill forbidding the transportation of newspapers, &c. out of mail. The Bill renewing the Charter of the District Banks, lost.

The Warehousing Bill was killed. Also the Bill reducing the No. of N. York Custom House Officers.

The Bill to divide the United States into two Military districts, was passed.

WHY HE DID IT.

A gentleman in embarrassed circumstances by the name of James L. P. Omack, of Roxbury, Mass. lately hung himself. He left a wife and six children. His last words were—

"I never intentionally wronged a fellow man, and I feel it one of the duties I owe to my boys to say that their father is free from every crime save that of poverty. The world usually finds the cause of the act which I now perform in the subject of having done somewhat disgraceful or criminal; such is not the case with me—my heart is broken—I cannot live—I have tried but in vain."

It seems that this unfortunate man had felt the melancholy truth that poverty is a crime.—His remark is worth more than a passing reflection. It contains volumes of meaning.

Poverty, in this republican country, is a heinous offence against all the propeties of life—it is an insult to good society—an offence that makes the saint pass by on the other side, and drives the offender, if he presume to enter the house of God, into some obscure free seat in the gallery. And the crime attaches to the miserable wife.—The "iron enters her soul," and she walks her tottering way through life, with her head bent earthward, as though she was seeking some green spot where she might be kindly permitted to lay down her weary frame and die. Ah! poverty is a fearful thing to the sensitive, and a bold man is he who dare be known as a poor one.—Portland American.

Three thousand tons of ice are daily taken from the Fresh Pond, in Cambridge, near Boston. This is shipped from Boston to the remotest parts of the world, indeed wherever a warm climate can render it a luxury to the people and a profit to the shippers.

